A CONFERENCE

Between

AN INNISKILLINGMAN

OF

D. Schombergs Army,

AND AN

IRISH TROOPER

Near

The Duke of Berwicks

NATIONAL
LIBRARY OF
IRELAND

C A M P.

Licenſed and Entered according to Order. 1689.

Dennis. Rory burn? Rory. Dennis jorden?

Dennis. Nay then have at you. *Rory. Ub bub boo!* Dear Joy! croſs de Face *Rory burn!* Does dou not know *Rory burn?* will dou kill dy old Friend and Neighbour *Rory Burn?*

Dennis. I know no body, Father nor Mother, Siſter nor Brother in ſuch a Caſe. Is your Piſtol Metamorphoſed to a Crucifix? Leave off your Croſſing Sirrah, if you do not Fight, yield your ſelf my Priſoner quickly or I ſhall croſs you over this addle pate.

Rory. I by my Shoul, and my Garrane too ſhall be thy Priſoner. The Devil tauk me (dear Brother) if he be not the greater Knave of the two. I have no more mind to Fight than to Ride the Wooden Mare, but this plaguy Horſe runs headlong, and carries me on in ſpite of my Teeth.

Dennis. Now you are my Priſoners you ſhall both viſit the Engliſh Camp, while we confer by the way of the preſent ſtate of Affairs.

Rory. What will we do dere? Dear Joy! my Horſe can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, and day will hang poor *Rory* for de Brogue upon his Tongue.

Dennis. You are Priſoners of War, I will ſecure you upon Parol.

Rory. Dear Joy, will you lend me ſix pence upon Parole to buy two pennyworth of *Bonnaclopper* at the Sutlers. By my Shole I have eat noting deeſe tree days to come.

Dennis. How *Rory?* Sixpence to buy two penny worth of *Bonnaclabber*, the narroweſt Soul'd Sutler would not be ſo unreaſonable to take it.

Rory. Not tauke it? By Chreeſt he muſt tauke it, and he ſhall tauke it. K. *James* he pays his whole *Iriſh* Army with Copper Farthings for white Sixpences, and I tinke ſix pence for two pence good pay for an *Engliſhman.*

Dennis. You may afford to pay at thoſe rates whilſt your Pockets are ſo well lin'd with *French* Piſtoles. But you muſt not pretend to borrow from an *Engliſhman*, while you have got into *Ireland* all the Money of *France.*

Rory. By St. *Patrick* (dear Joy) de *French* Officers have got all de Money out of *Ireland.*

Dennis, I, and had got *Ireland* by this if the Valliant *Schomberg* had not come over to redeem the Mortgage. *Rory.* Mortgage.

Dennis.

Dennis. Yes ſnuff-ſcull, Mortgage, if thy muddy Brain can comprehend it. I ſay *Ireland* is bought and ſold, ſold by K. *James* to *Lewis* of *France* for a ſum to carry on the Wars. It is this day under ſale.

Rory. Ub ub bub boo, under ſale. By Saint *Colom*, then with a fair gale and a Catholick Wind we will be in *England* to morrow.

Dennis. You had better purſue your Prophetick Lord *Milford* to *Breſt*, who like the preſaging Rat, finding the Ship near ſinking, left it in time to ſhift for himſelf. Where elſe can you fly for Refuge, in *England* is no Sanctuary, and *Schombergs* Cannons will make *Ireland* too hot for you. Beſides the *Engliſh* Fleet are ſo watchful in ſecuring the Seas, ſo that the wearied Stagg muſt ſtand at Bay, having no means to eſcape by Land or Water.

Rory, By my Salvation it is a ſad Caſe; But de Pox tauk him, & the Deel tauk him for me Dear Joy, but this Damn'd Rogue this *John* the Frenchman, has brought my Maſter, my Self, and my Horſe too into this Pound, where we are Chop-faln for want of Provinder, while he is Cram'd with all the Gay Kickſhaws of the Nation.

Dennis. Who perſwaded King *James* to come over into *Ireland*? *Rory. John* the Frenchman. *Dennis.* Who ſupplyed him with Money to carry on that War.

Rory. John the Frenchman.

Dennis. Who adviſed him to burn all the Cities and Towns in *Ireland*, (when he could no longer keep them) and leave the Country Waſte?

Rory. John the Frenchman. *Dennis.* Who occaſioned the loſs of ſo many Men before *London Derry*? *Rory. John* the Frenchman.

Dennis. Who laid the Bombs to ſtop *Kirk's* paſſage into the Town? *Rory. John* the Frenchman. *Dennis.* Who ran away firſt upon his Landing? *Rory. John* the Frenchman.

Dennis. Who fired the *Newry*? *Rory. John* the Frenchman. *Dennis.* Who fled the faſteſt upon *Schomburgs* Arrival.? *Rory. John* the Frenchman. *Dennis.* Who made *Rory* and his Horſe a Priſoner? *Rory. John* the Frenchman.

Dennis. Thou art like a Jack-daw that had learned no other Chattering: If I ſhould ask thee who is the Saviour of thy Nation? Thou wouldeſt anſwer me *John* the Frenchman.

Rory. I'll Charge upon *John* the Frenchman: I will tell thee my Dear Joy, if my Horſe did but Fart ſuch a word, I would kill him if there were no more men in the Nation. He is the Deſtruction and Ruin of our Country and Cauſe; he has turn'd our chief Officers out of Commiſſion, and our Cobbs into Luidores, and our Shovels into Swords, and our Plough-ſhears into Piſtol Barrels; turn'd us out of our peacefull Cabbins, and our Children out of Doors; Whor'd our Wives, Raviſh'd our Daughters, Suck'd our Eggs, Robb'd our Hen-rooſts, Eat our Pottadoes, and Supp'd up all our Buttermilk; and in ſhort is the occaſion of all the Calamities and Miſeries we are this day brought to; He has ſhewed us all the foul play that may be; what ſhall we do to ſave our Bacon.

Dennis. You have played an After-Game already, our Men have enter'd upon your Soize point there is no way now to ſave the Gammon, but by Compounding for the Sett.

Rory. Compound in! Confound it! *John* the Frenchman is a great plague to poor *Ireland* indeed, he has made us loſe the Game.

Dennis. The Ten Plagues of *Egypt* were not ſo bad as this one of the French Locuſts, that have over-ſpread the Land: You have hug'd a Snake in your Breaſt, and you muſt ſhake him off before he leaves his Sting behind him: You muſt pray to St. *Patrick* to charm this Vermin out of the Land Invoke your *Moſes's* and *Aarons* the Leaders of your People, to drive them into the Sea with a Weſterly Wind: Lay down your Arms and ſue for Grace in time; Let *Drogheda* be Surrendered; perſwade *Tyrconnel* to declare for King *William* and Queen *Mary* in *Dublin*, and open the Gates for D. *Schomburgs* Entry: Let the ſame be done at *Cork*, *Youghall*, *Kingſail*, *Wexford*, *Waterford*, and all the Garriſons of the Weſt. Had you not better Wear *Engliſh* Shooes than *French* Saboes

Rory. Ub ub bub boo! Dear Joy! I had rather Trot the Bogs in *Iriſh* Brogues, than go to the Wars in *French* Cloggs indeed, and I have more love for King *William* and Queen *Mary*, than for all the Fourteen *Lewis's*.

Dennis. Well ſince thou art for King *William* and Queen *Mary*, I give thee thy Liberty and thy Horſe too; but beſure that you perform all that I have told you.

Rory. I thank thee very much for my kindneſs, and when Thou comeſt to *Dublin*, *Browny* my Horſe ſhall thank thee too.

FINIS.

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